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Memoirs of the War of '61

COLONEL
CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

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Memoirs of the War of '61

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COLONEL
CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

FRIENDS AND COUSINS

BOSTON
Press of Geo. H. Ellis Co.
1920

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Compiled by Elizabeth Cabot Putnam

DEDICATION

To the young men of 1917 who so nobly risked their hopes of future usefulness, their health, their lives, to stand side by side with our Allies against tyranny and injustice abroad; to those who fell, and to those who survived to whom the future of our own country is now intrusted, —this collection of brief memoirs of the young men of 1861 is dedicated.

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JOHN ALBION ANDREW
GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS

FOREWORD FROM A CONTEMPORARY OF A GROUP OF SOLDIERS OF THE WAR OF 1861

Early in the time of our Civil War a set of photographs, of which these are mainly duplicates, was sent over to some English friends who had recently been guests here. Placed on their drawing-room table in London, the portraits helped to convince their friends that our army was not made up of "mere mercenaries."

To accompany the photographs, short memoirs have been compiled, from the Harvard Memorial Biographies and from other sources, of Colonel Charles Russell Lowell and some of his friends and cousins, with Governor John A. Andrew at their head.

There were other friends and cousins whose services in the war and since the war equally deserve recognition, but whose photographs were not at hand when the original collection was made: the cousins are Francis L. Lee, Charles Jackson Paine, Jr., William Cushing Paine, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., Charles Storrow, Jr., Francis Lee Higginson, Warren Dutton Russell, Frank Lowell Dutton Russell, John Pearce Penhallow.

A few facts about the times into which these men were born are worth noting:—

Major Henry Lee Higginson in his address on Colonel Robert G. Shaw delivered in Sanders Theatre, Harvard University, Cambridge, on May 30, 1897, said in part:—

"To-day I wish to talk to you of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, colored, commanded by Colonel Robert Shaw; and of slavery, which, as a deadly poison to our nation, they strove to remove. Any word of mine which may seem harsh to our brothers of the South has no such meaning or feeling. The sin of slavery was national and caused the sin of disunion. Together we wiped out with our blood these two great wrongs, long ago, and we also wiped out all unkind feeling."

The "*national*" responsibility for the continuation of slavery did not arise simply from the fact that in the North slavery had existed in Colonial days, for in the first census of 1790, made up by Jonathan Jackson whom Washington had appointed United States Marshal for the District of Massachusetts, then including Maine, there was recorded under the heading "Number of Slaves" in that District the word "*none*." Meantime the foreign slave trade had been made illegal.

There had been movements toward a similar policy in the South, when, through Northern enterprise, cotton factories were set up along our many rivers, the first spinners and weavers being girls from the neighboring farms, and stockholders, many of whom were persons of moderate means, who had invested their hard-earned savings, intrusting them to the enterprising manufacturers for the new cotton mills. The Irish famine and other conditions in Europe soon increased the tide of immigration, which later was welcomed and encouraged because it brought not only some highly skilled workers but also persons who were unskilled but could be made available for working at parts of this new machinery.

The question then arose, how could the increasing demand for cheap cotton be met? The rivers and canals might cause the busy wheels to turn, and cheap labor might be hired to work at them; but if the slave trade were to cease, and if Virginia should cease to raise slaves to be sold at the more Southern markets for labor where cotton raising would thrive and cheap labor was always in demand, who would there be to plant and gather the cotton or to serve the white owners of the crops?

Naturally these considerations may have tended to confirm the reluctance of the North

to break with the South, and perhaps tended also to bolster up the doctrine of State Rights. In 1848 the Missouri Compromise was repealed, and the extension of slavery into the territories was proposed. In 1850 the Fugitive Slave Law was enacted and the Supreme Court had declared that by our Constitution "negroes were not citizens of the United States," "had never had any rights which the white man was bound to respect," "might justly and lawfully be enslaved for their own good." Meantime Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," founded upon conditions which had come to that writer's knowledge during her residence in the South, was published March 20, 1852, and translated into the languages of dwellers in all parts of the civilized world. In Great Britain, slavery had been abolished in 1807.

As late as 1850 some of the most public-spirited Northerners would gladly have negotiated payment by the United States of five or ten million dollars per year to free the slaves, but they dreaded a rising of the slaves and were encouraged by Southerners and by Southern sympathizers in this dread of that which never happened, not even during the Civil War, so loyal were the colored people in the absence of their white masters.

Under this United States Fugitive Slave Bill

slaves were arrested, tried, even here in Boston, and sent back to their owners; the last and bitterest case being that of Anthony Burns, June 2, 1854.

Just at that critical period, John Albion Andrew, a young law student from Maine, graduate of Bowdoin College in 1837, then entering in November as a student in the office of Fuller & Washburn of Boston, admitted to the bar in 1840, friend of Peleg Chandler, had returned to his old master's office as junior partner, and had later formed partnership with Theophilus P. Chandler and with him had opened an office at No. 4 Court Street.

In 1846, upon the rendition of a fugitive slave who had escaped in the hold of a vessel and had been left by the captain on an island in the harbor, had escaped to South Boston, was recaptured and returned to his owner in New Orleans, John Andrew, at a preliminary meeting with Dr. Samuel G. Howe at the house of Dr. Henry Ingersoll Bowditch, September 24, 1846, was chosen secretary of a committee and was intrusted with the work of collecting testimony in the case and presenting it to the grand jury, but this evidence was pronounced insufficient. At the Faneuil Hall meeting, February 24, 1846, where John Quincy Adams presided, Andrew read the resolutions, and a

Vigilance Committee of forty members was appointed, "Andrew's purpose being to abide by the law, but to wring from it the utmost protection for any person on Massachusetts soil whose liberty was called in question under the laws of the United States."

The history of politics after this crisis is well known. It is interesting to note that when Lincoln's nomination was assured, and Andrew, as a member of the Committee, had been appointed to inform Lincoln of his nomination, Andrew "saw in a flash that here was a man who was master of himself." "For the first time," he says, "they [the members of the Committee] understood that Abraham Lincoln, whom they had supposed to be little more than a loquacious and clever state politician, had force, insight, conscience."

"As the campaign for Governor of Massachusetts went on in 1858 to 1860, people came to recognize the two qualities, the cool head and the warm heart, which were so remarkably united in John A. Andrew, and to feel that he could be trusted as their governor." On the 5th of January, 1861, the Legislature met in convention. The inauguration took place in due form, and Andrew read his address.

One of Andrew's first cares, when John M. Forbes appeared as his counsellor, was the selec-

tion of four aides to constitute his personal staff,—Horace Binney Sargent, Henry Lee, Jr., Harrison Ritchie, and John M. Wetherell of Worcester.

Meantime a Southern Convention, at which eight States were represented, had met at Vicksburg and had passed resolutions in favor of reopening the slave trade. In October came John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry and the hanging of Brown and his associates. On April 12th the seceders opened fire on Fort Sumter; April 15th the President called out seventy-five thousand troops; April 19th the Massachusetts Sixth was fired upon on its way South, and Massachusetts men lay dead in Baltimore.

One of the Governor's Staff, Henry Lee, Jr., writing in later years, notes: "At Fort Winthrop there were no guns; Fort Independence twenty guns &c. At last, after six weeks of sickening suspense, on the 15th of April, came the appalling summons for twenty companies of Infantry; early on Friday four regiments reported in a driving storm of sleet and rain; from that hour till the dawn of Sunday, April 21st, we all had to work night and day as armorers." "Behind every great movement stands the man. The whole community, from that time forth, owned Governor Andrew for their leader."

Colonel Henry Lee, in his personal reminiscences of Governor Andrew, from January, 1861, till November, 1867, wrote: "Governor Andrew was one of the very few who saw clearly through this day's business." "The grave closes over most men as the waves close over the wake of a passing ship. The places that have known them know them no more, but Governor Andrew has been and will continue to be sadly missed." "He leaves what is better than great riches, a name which will never be spoken save with admiration, gratitude and honor."

Such was the Governor who commissioned these young men.

We shall read from the following brief extracts, mainly drawn from biographies written half a century ago, that some of these men risked their lives first of all to save the Union, while others had the freedom of the slaves most at heart. We can never make good the work which together they and the rest made possible for later generations to carry into effect, unless, side by side with our other civic and patriotic duties, we open the way to the colored people to become not only good soldiers but also good citizens, by removing, one by one, the barriers which have deliberately been made to block their efforts in many directions, in the North

as well as in the South. The colored race, to which the war of 1861 brought freedom from slavery, is the only race against which a wholesale discrimination, both legal and illegal, is still practised. This occurs regardless of the fact that many thousands of the colored people have achieved success not only in the ministry and in the army, but also in the arts and sciences, in medicine, law, and literature, as, for instance, our highly valued head-master of a large public school, our student who was elected into the Phi Beta Kappa a year before graduating with honors from Radcliffe College and is now a successful teacher.

Graduates of Harvard, Yale, Fisk, Atlanta, and other universities, as well as of Hampton and Tuskegee, and other industrial schools, are taking part in the world's work and passing the requirements for civil service in government departments, making good records in many other directions also.

This wholesale race-discrimination is as short-sighted as it is cowardly. To deprive a weaker race of almost vital opportunities is essentially a cowardly performance. It has well been said, "Perhaps the most important single factor in the development of the South is its negro labor; it is more to it, if viewed aright, than its gold, iron, and coal mines; if properly treated and

trained it will mean wealth and greatness to that section." To quote from a conservative paper, the Washington *Post*, published thirty-five years after their emancipation from slavery: "We hold, as between the ignorant of the two races, the negro is preferable. . . . The negroes are conservative, they are good citizens, they do not consort with anarchists, they cannot be made the tools and agents of incendiaries; they constitute the solid, worthy, estimable yeomanry of the South."

After the recent race riot in Chicago the statement was quoted from some of the white aggressors that it was not so much because of their color as because most of them were not union men that the colored men were maltreated. Meantime many of the labor unions are now opening their doors to colored workmen.

These facts in themselves give proof that our heroes of 1861 did not give their lives in vain when, in preventing the extension of slavery into the territories, they set free that "stolen race" and made them American citizens, with the rights and mutual obligations pertaining to citizenship in our free nation.

ELIZABETH C. PUTNAM,
104 Marlborough Street,
Boston, Massachusetts.

CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

Captain of Cavalry, May 14, 1861. Colonel of Second Massachusetts Cavalry, April 15, 1863. Died at Middletown, Virginia, October 20, 1864, of wounds received at Cedar Creek on October 19th.

Charles Russell Lowell, Jr., was born in Boston, January 2, 1835. When only thirteen years of age he went from the Boston Latin School into the English High School; in 1850 entered Harvard College, took first rank in scholarship and maintained it until he graduated in 1854. He did not win popularity at first, but later was proudly acknowledged as the foremost man in the class. He threw himself with glad and vigorous activity into the current of college life, a leader in its sports and exercises and its public affairs. He chose for his valedictory oration, "The Reverence due from Old Men to Young."

As a workman he entered the iron mill of the Ames Company at Chicopee for a year, often meeting with his fellow-workers to talk on branches of science connected with their work. In 1856 he had accepted a position of great trust and great promise in the rolling-mill of the

Trenton Iron Company, when there came upon him the great trial of his life, the growing shadow of disease, and he was directed to give up all work and try travel in another climate. A great fabric of noble ambition fell before this word. In February, 1856, Lowell sailed from New Orleans to Gibraltar. Even the Arabs admired his equestrian skill; at Algiers he took lessons in the use of the sword, and studied the movements of the French troops as he already had studied the Austrian military system in Italy. When he returned in 1858 he was employed as treasurer on the B. & I. R.R. His health became gradually established, and in 1860 he was placed in charge of iron works in Cumberland, Maryland, at the head of a small city of workmen, and once again his chosen work seemed to lie before him.

Meantime the great election of 1860 was approaching. Lowell had for years been a decided enemy to slavery. Edward W. Emerson relates that when Anthony Burns was held for trial in Boston as a fugitive slave, Charles Lowell with another spirited boy had vainly tried to get speech with the United States Judge who was to give the doom; the two boys had looked on when, on Friday, June 2, 1854, Burns was led under guard down State Street to be taken back to bondage, and one of them

said, "Charley, it will come to us to set this straight." The boy who spoke those words was Henry Lee Higginson.

For five months of the year 1860 Lowell had remained at Mount Savage, except for a business trip to New Orleans, and had found himself brought into more positive relations than ever before with political affairs. On April 20, 1861, on hearing of the attack upon the Massachusetts Sixth, and of its men lying dead in Baltimore, Lowell instantly gave up his position at Mount Savage and set off for Washington to apply for a commission of Second Lieutenant of Artillery in the Regular Army. We have heard that when he applied to Secretary of War Cameron for a commission, Mr. Cameron, struck by his youthful appearance, said: "You, young man, what do you know of a horse?" Charles answered, "Enough to take a hard day's work out of him and to bring him back fresh at night." It is certain that answer gave him a captaincy instead of a lieutenancy which he had asked for, either owing to the impression made on Cameron or to his services in another capacity. In his application to Mr. Sumner for a commission he answered the question as to his qualifications as follows: "I speak and write English, French, Italian, German, and Spanish, and know enough

of mathematics to put me at the head of my class in Harvard, though now I need a little rubbing up; and am tolerably proficient with the small sword and the single stick; can ride a horse as far and bring him in as fresh as any other man. I am twenty-six years of age and I believe I possess more or less of moral courage about taking responsibility, which seems at present to be found only in Southern officers. If you have no appointment yet, perhaps you will have one from Iowa or from Maryland. I have been living in the latter State for a little over six months in charge of a rolling mill at Mount Savage. I heard of the trouble at Baltimore and of the action of Governor Hicks on Saturday; at once gave up my place and started for Washington and was fortunate to get through here yesterday with several detentions. Whether the Union stands or falls, I believe the profession of arms will henceforth be more desirable and more respected than it has been hitherto. I believe that with a week or two of preparation I could pass the examinations." Mr. Sumner sent in this letter thus endorsed by Mr. Forbes: "Lowell is a trump, full of brain, and quick-witted. I want him in various places and he is a valuable man for anybody. Graduated first in his class at Harvard." From this time Charles was happy; he had found all he

CHARLES RUSSELL LOWELL

asked, an object worthy of his efforts. The vague desire to do something for his fellow-men became a settled resolve to do all he could, whether much or little, for his country. His strong human feeling was concentrated on a definite task.

After some important government work, Lowell received (May 14, 1861) his commission as Captain in the Third (afterward numbered Sixth) Regiment of United States Cavalry, drilling, making himself a master of cavalry tactics and military science, so that he was honored with the command of a squadron.

For distinguished services at Williamsburg and Slatersville he was nominated for the brevet of Major in the battles on June 27th, and the following week cost him the life of his tenderly loved brother James, who was wounded at Glendale June 30th, and died July 4th.

On July 10, 1862, Captain Lowell was detailed for duty as an aide to General McClellan, winning his esteem for efficient conduct at the second battle of Malvern Hill, August 5th, and in the arduous Maryland Campaign. At Antietam, September 17th, carrying orders to General Sedgwick's division he met it retreating in confusion under a hot fire. Lowell rode rapidly, driving back and rallying the men, so that whole companies started forward

with alacrity at his word, and the rout was checked. "He seemed a part of his horse and instinct with a perfect animal life. At the same time his eyes glistened and his face actually shone with the spirit and intelligence of which he was the embodiment." General McClellan gave Lowell the office of presenting to the President the trophies of this campaign.

In November he was ordered to report to Governor Andrew for the purpose of organizing the Second Massachusetts Cavalry of which he was appointed Colonel.

During this winter of 1862–63 the first regiment of negroes raised in the North was projected in Massachusetts. Lowell aided in every way, and was heartily pleased by the selection of Colonel Shaw to take charge.

In May, Lowell left Boston with his regiment, and was placed in command of the Cavalry Department of Washington, for many months resisting the incursions of General Mosby, who wrote of him that "of all the Federal commanders opposed to me, I had the highest respect for Colonel Lowell both as an officer and a gentleman."

In July came the battle of Fort Wagner. Lowell wrote of Robert G. Shaw's death: "The manliness and high courage of such a man never die with him. They live in his

comrades." "August 1, '63. Everything that comes about Rob shows his death to have been more and more completely that which every soldier and every man would long to die; but it is given to very few, for very few did their duty as Rob did. I am thankful they buried him with his 'Niggers.' They were brave men and they were his men."

Colonel Lowell married, October 31, 1863, Josephine, daughter of Francis G. Shaw, Esq., of Staten Island, New York, and Mrs. Lowell was able to go with her husband to the army for several months while there was a season of great tranquillity.

On July 14, 1864, on a reconnaissance against General Early's demonstration against Washington, a little beyond Rockville, the advance column was suddenly overwhelmed by a greatly superior force of the enemy and took up a rapid retreat; the flying battalion of the enemy came charging down upon Lowell, who had not even time to turn his men; there was a violent collision, and then the whole brigade went whirling in mad confusion toward Washington, the enemy at their heels. Lowell shouted, "*Dismount!*" Seizing their carbines the men sprang from their saddles at the word of their dauntless commander. In another minute they were in line. On came the assailants, but such

a deadly volley was poured into their ranks that both horses and riders recoiled. Lowell saw the enemy waver, advanced and turned the fortune of the day. With his little force, just now routed and in full retreat, but unable, even in a moment of panic, to forget its discipline, he held his ground before two brigades of the enemy's best cavalry.

July 26th Colonel Lowell was put in command of a new provisional brigade.

On the 6th of August, General Sheridan took command of the Army of the Shenandoah, on the 10th moved up the Valley from Harper's Ferry, the Provisional Brigade (under Colonel Lowell) taking the outside position. The next day Lowell overtook the rear guard of the enemy, and after a sharp skirmish, drove it pell-mell through Winchester, and for two weeks Lowell's Brigade was fighting every day. On August 26 he led an attack on the advance of the enemy. Charging up to a rail fence, too high to leap, behind which was the enemy, Lowell actually whacked their muskets with his sabre; tearing down the fence, over they went; nothing could resist them. The Second Massachusetts captured seventy-four men, a lieutenant-colonel, three captains, and several lieutenants. This was the first time that Lowell's men ever really measured him. "Such a

noble scorn of death and danger they never saw before, and it inspired them with a courage that quailed at nothing." On September 3d the army was again in motion; and on the 8th Colonel Lowell was appointed to the command of the "Reserve Brigade," three regiments of regular cavalry, one of artillery, and his own volunteer regiment. Lowell had been utterly unknown to Sheridan at the beginning of the campaign.

In the superb charge at Winchester, September 19th, at one moment Lowell found himself with one captain and four men face to face with a rebel gun. The piece was discharged, killing both the horses, and tearing off the captain's arm. The Colonel quickly mounted the first horse that came up, and the gun was his. Thirteen horses in all were shot under him in as many days.

On September 5th Colonel Lowell wrote to his wife: "I like Sheridan immensely. . . . He works like a mill-owner or an iron-master."

September 8: "The Second Massachusetts is transferred to the Reserve Brigade. . . . The change looks like making the Second Massachusetts a permanent member of the Army of the Potomac, or that portion of it which is here."

(To a disabled officer) September 10: "I hope that you are going to live like a plain republi-

can, mindful of the beauty and the duty of simplicity. Don't seek office, but don't disremember that the 'useful citizen' always holds his time, his trouble, his money, and his life ready at the hint of his country."

September 27: "We are about one mile beyond Stanton, facing toward the Blue Ridge. We have found out pretty well where the Rebs are."

October 5: "I do wish this war was over. . . . Never mind. I'm doing all I can to end it. Good-bye."

(To his mother) October 17th: "There is nothing to tell here. We are in a glorious country, . . . kept very active, and have done a good deal of good work. I have done my share, I think, but there is nothing to make a letter of."

On October 15th General Sheridan had left the army, then strongly intrenched near Cedar Creek, for the purpose of visiting other points in the Valley. On the 19th, in the dawn of day, the enemy succeeded in accomplishing a surprise; the whole of our line, suddenly exposed to deadly fire from the rear, was driven and rushed headlong down the Valley, and at midday Sheridan came galloping from Winchester and turned ruin into victory.

Meantime, late in the evening of the 18th Lowell had orders to make a reconnaissance.

Reveille at 4: at 4.30 his brigade was in motion and had saved the right wing from the disaster which befell the other end of the line. A distinguished general wrote: "They moved past me, that splendid cavalry. Lowell got by me before I could speak, but I looked after him a long distance. Exquisitely mounted, the picture of a soldier, erect, confident, defiant, he moved at the head of the finest brigade of cavalry that at this day scorns the earth it treads." Striking the turnpike just north of Middletown, which was already occupied by the enemy, Lowell established a position at the extreme left against great superiority of numbers till the final advance, when he received his mortal wound. He attended in person to the disposal of his men, a conspicuous mark for the sharpshooters on the roofs of the village. His horse was shot under him early in the day. At one o'clock he was struck by a spent ball which deprived him of voice and strength. For one and one-half hours he lay on the ground under temporary shelter. Presently at three o'clock came the order for the general advance, which was to give us victory. "I feel well, now," he said, though too weak to mount his saddle without assistance. He sat his horse, firm and erect as ever; the color had come back to his cheeks, but he could not speak above a whisper.

He gave his orders through one of his staff, and his brigade was, as usual, the first ready. Just as they were in the thickest of the fire from the town, a cry arose, "The Colonel is hit!" He fell from his horse into the arms of his aides and was carried forward in the track of his rapidly advancing brigade to a house within the village. He gave no sign of suffering; his mind was perfectly clear, calm and cheerful, though he knew he had no chance of life. He dictated private messages of affection, gave complete directions to his command, and as the day rose he ceased to breathe the air of earth.

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

Born in New York, November 18, 1834. First Lieutenant in the Second Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, July 8, 1861. Captain in the First Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry, October 31, 1861. Major in the First Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry, March 28, 1862. Wounded at Aldie, Virginia, June, 1863. Died in Boston, November 14, 1919.

Henry Lee Higginson, the descendant of an old Massachusetts family, was born in New York, November 18, 1834. He went to Harvard College in 1851, with the class to which Phillips Brooks and Alexander Agassiz belonged, but left there in his Freshman year on account of trouble with his eyes. Afterwards he entered a counting-house, and in 1856 he went to Europe. There he travelled for a year, joined for a time by his friend Charles Russell Lowell, and later spent several years in Vienna, devoting himself to the study of music. He had hoped to become enough of a musician to make playing the pleasure and resource of his leisure hours, but an injury to his arm, followed by too much practising, made this impossible, and confined his studies to singing and the theory of music.

While he was thus studying and hearing music, his appreciation of the part it might play in the life of the community grew, and the longing to bring the best orchestral music to his native land became a definite ideal in his mind.

At this time, in his early twenties, he was full of the generous ardor that characterized his later years. He was a warm-hearted and devoted friend, a believer in the great future of his country and full of an eager determination to do all he could for her, a lover of the arts, and a would-be servant of humanity. From the first he wanted to help others; he was ready to have faith in them, and to take them into his affections. His sympathy with the young kept him always young, and his readiness to fight the wrong was as strong in his last as in his early years. He was far-sighted, too, and among the first in this country to rouse the young men to prepare to take their part in the recent European War.

Now that his career is over, it is wonderful to look back to its beginning and see how his resolutions were carried out, for he was one of the lovers of the truth of whom Lowell wrote:—

"Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do."

Drawn by a strong sense of patriotism he came home from Europe in 1860. His country was on the eve of civil war. He volunteered in what came to be the Second Massachusetts Regiment under Colonel Gordon. The very day that Fort Sumter was fired on, Colonel Gordon tendered his services to the Government and State through Governor Andrew, and Henry Higginson within a few weeks was drilling under Gordon at Brook Farm in West Roxbury. He was made a second lieutenant, then full lieutenant, and went from there July 8, 1861. On October 31st he was transferred to the First Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry with the commission of captain, and on March 28, 1862, he was commissioned a major. To quote his own words: "I went out in the Second Infantry; later was put into the First Cavalry, Massachusetts; served at Port Royal, and then came North and served in Virginia until June, 1863, when I was wounded at Aldie, Virginia, was sent home, invalided for nearly a year; then was on General Barlow's staff for a short time, but had not recovered enough to bear the work, so left."

Colonel Henry Lee wrote of him: "One of my four nephews, Henry Higginson, Major of Cavalry, is just off his bed, having recovered from two sabre cuts on his head; and had a ball

extricated from his back-bone which the rebels fired at him as he lay on the ground." He bore all his life the scar of the sabre cut across his cheek.

On December 5, 1863, he married Ida, daughter of Louis Agassiz.

In 1868 he entered the firm of Lee, Higginson & Co. of Boston. Years of hard work and devotion to business and civic interests followed, during which he held steadfastly to the dream of his early days, that of establishing a really fine orchestra. This hope he realized in 1881; and for all the years after that, until the dark shadow of the great war in Europe eclipsed for a season the light and joy of the Symphony concerts, he put his heart, and a great part of the wealth his days of toil had gathered, into the support of the orchestra. His wisdom and untiring patience collected skilled musicians from all parts of the world and gave to Boston concerts of unsurpassed beauty. It was a great satisfaction to him in his last year to know that the Symphony Orchestra he had built up and sustained for thirty-seven years was to go on under the direction of his friends.

Major Higginson had a genius for friendship. He loved his friends and he believed in good fellowship; and besides the music he gave to the public are his two great monuments to

friendship. The first of these is Soldier's Field, given to Harvard College in 1890, to be used as a playground for its students, and dedicated "To the Happy Memory" of six of his "Friends, Comrades and Kinsmen who died for their Country" in the Civil War. The second is the Harvard Union, a building given by him to Harvard in 1901, "a house open to all Harvard men without restriction and in which they all stand equal, a house bearing no name forever except that of our University. . . . May it be used for the general good and may private ends never be sought here! . . . In these halls may you, young men, see visions and dream dreams, and may you keep steadily burning the fire of high ideals, enthusiasm and hope, otherwise you cannot share in the great work and glory of our new century. . . . Let Memorial Hall stand a temple consecrated to the spirit of large patriotism and of true democracy. Let this house stand a temple to the same spirit and to friendship."

These gifts were the least of the services Mr. Higginson rendered to his college. For twenty-six years he was a Fellow of the Corporation, and, as noted by President Eliot, attended its meetings "with the utmost punctuality, assiduity and devotion, and with the highest intelligence." He always looked upon it as a privilege to do so.

The knowledge that he felt it to be a privilege to help all good causes made it easy for people to turn to him constantly for aid and inspiration, and made it a matter of course that the flags of the city should be at half-mast when it was known that he had gone from us, who had so often been affectionately called "Our First Citizen." M.C.P.

STEPHEN GEORGE PERKINS

STEPHEN GEORGE PERKINS

Born in Boston, September 18, 1835. Killed at Cedar Mountain, Virginia, August 9, 1862. Second Lieutenant, Second M.V.M. Infantry, July 8, 1861. First Lieutenant, Second M.V.M. Infantry, July 11, 1861.

"Stephen Perkins's friends were among the most gifted young men of the day." "He was beloved by all who came into contact with him and becoming constantly a finer and finer type of noble and intelligent boyhood." He entered Harvard College in 1855, but on account of his eyes joined the class of '56; he spent a year in the Law School, and graduated from the Scientific School in mathematics in 1861. At the Harvard College Regatta at Springfield, '55, Perkins was one of the picked crew of the Harvard four-oar, composed of John and Langdon Erving, Alexander Agassiz, and Stephen Perkins, three of whom, including Stephen, were over six feet in height.

Stephen Perkins's peculiar charm lay in a sensation of tranquil strength, of indefinite resources, of reserved power, "effecting by a single quiet word or look what others had

toiled and stormed in vain to accomplish." One of his relatives had remarked to him rather heedlessly at the outbreak of the war that the war was not likely to come home to their two lives, for instance, in any immediate way. He answered with an unwonted seriousness that was almost sternness, "I do not know that it will make any difference in your life, but it is likely to make a very great difference to mine." The war came. In a few days he had enlisted and was engaged in the most tedious service in the Army of the Potomac. The disastrous battle of Cedar Mountain took place August 9, 1862. Robert G. Shaw wrote, "All our officers behaved nobly." There Perkins fell, pierced by three bullets.

A brother officer, Major Henry L. Higginson, wrote of him, reviewing that short life in the days before the war: "Stephen might never have done anything tangible, but he would always have elevated his friends and associates in purpose and in tone, and thus indirectly have accomplished much. Men of his kind will be more necessary after than before the war. I've seen men enough, the world over, but never one of his kind, and very, very few equal to him. When I remember his handsome face with such warm blue eyes, and such a beautiful smile, his voice and jolly laugh, his honesty and

purity of mind and soul, his wonderful insight of men and things, beyond all his wonderfully warm feelings for his real friends, so very marked, it seems to me that a big piece of life was snatched away."

Charles Francis Adams in his autobiography wrote of Stephen Perkins, "Stephen was perhaps the closest of my friends. The choicest mind I ever knew. He was manly, simple, refined and he had withal fine perceptions and a delicate humor. . . . He loved to talk but in a quiet, observant and reflective way. He was mature and self-respecting, one who thought much; one who looked quite through the acts of men. When I heard of his death I felt that I had lost something that could never be replaced."

JAMES SAVAGE, JR.

Born in Boston, April 21, 1832. Captain, Second M.V. Infantry, May 24, 1861. Major, June 23, 1862. Lieutenant-Colonel, September 17, 1862. Died at Charlottesville, Virginia, October 22, 1862, of wounds received at Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862.

As a boy his love of outdoor play was inexhaustible. One of his comrades says, "His side at football would win if he could make it, for in rush or race it took a good player to compete with him; and yet withal he was such a gentle and noble fellow that everybody loved him and felt he would never do a mean thing; all he wanted was fair play." His love of nature, of music and other arts made his trip to Europe in 1854 a keen joy to him.

Becoming interested in conditions in our Southern States, Savage in 1859 gave himself heart and soul to do all in his power toward the freedom of the slaves. In the spring of 1861, when it had become clear that war was the only alternative, he joined the Salignac Drill Club and was the first member of that Club to apply for a commission in Gordon's Regiment. With

JAMES SAVAGE, Jr.

his friends Wilder Dwight and Greeley S. Curtis a plan had been formed to organize a regiment of infantry and offer it to the United States. Two graduates of West Point, Messrs. Gordon and Andrew, were induced to take the highest appointments, and the Second M.V.M. Regiment was thus formed. Major Henry L. Higginson, in his address at the giving of the Soldier's Field to Harvard College, said: "We two fellows [James Savage and Henry Higginson] went to Fitchburg, just after war was declared, to recruit a company for the Second Massachusetts Infantry, and when our regiment was ready to march, the colors were entrusted to us. This recruiting was strange work to us all, and the men who came to our little recruiting office asked many new questions, which I did my best to answer; but often these recruits would turn to the 'captain' as they called him, listen to his replies, and then swear allegiance, as it were, to him. He, the quietest and most modest of men, was immensely impressive, for he was a real knight—just and gentle to all friends, defiant to the enemies of his country and to all wrong-doers."

James Savage had steadily declined promotion which would remove him from the Second Regiment, unless for a colored regiment. When the raising of such a regiment was discussed

and Major Copeland and Lieutenant Shaw appealed to him, "Now, Jim, we want you to go with us, will you?" Jim was lying down, resting on his elbow; he instantly sprang up. "Yes, I'll go with you if only as a sergeant," and no one was more disappointed at the failure of the plan at that time than he.

The following letter merits insertion as indicating his feeling on the same general subject. From it the following extracts are quoted:—

March 30, 1862, about four miles south of Strasburg, Virginia, approaching the Shenandoah range, waiting for the mending of a broken bridge, "the contrabands flocked to see the 'sogers' and told us what they had learned from their masters about us Yankees; that if the Yankees got hold of them they would cut their right hands and feet off; that their masters had won all the battles and whipped us terribly; how they thought 'old Mr. Brown' must have had hundreds of men with him; how all the blacks about here knew he was their friend and the terror of their white rulers. One man almost as white as I, the son of his master and the father of nine children, two of whom he had with him, had interested me very much; looked like Neapolitans, perhaps a little fairer. His gratitude to God when he told us how his wife and children had been left to him when so

many of his neighbors told him of having lost theirs by having them sold, was very touching. We talked with him and his two dear little boys for nearly two hours, and that was my Sunday sermon."

On June 13, 1862, James Savage was promoted to be Major, on September 17th to be Lieutenant-Colonel. Lieutenant Miller wrote: "The 9th of August our brigade marched to about one mile of Cedar Mountain. I was struck and taken prisoner. The surgeon told me that Major Savage was also wounded and a prisoner. The Major was very cheerful though in considerable pain. Three weeks later his leg was amputated and he knew that he could not possibly survive."

Captain Shaw wrote Mr. Savage, August 12, 1862: "After amputation of his leg his mind seemed to be at peace. The only comfort his friends had was the assurance that his loved Harry [Captain Russell] had stayed to cheer and aid him, though Russell must in consequence become a prisoner."

The last words written by James were from the hospital on August 18th, to Professor Rogers: "I am pretty much broken up but sure of the best treatment. Your friends here leave nothing to be desired—best love to all, from your Major."

And there came from Captain H. S. Russell, Libby Prison in Richmond, "I was taken when tying a handkerchief around J. S.'s leg. Write to his father." After some weeks came a letter to his father announcing the death of a prisoner of war.

WILDER DWIGHT

WILDER DWIGHT

Born April 23, 1833, in Springfield, Mass. Died September 19, 1862, of wounds received at Antietam, September 17, 1862. Major, Second Regiment M.V.M., May 20, 1861. June 13, 1862, promoted by Governor Andrew to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Massachusetts.

In boyhood as in manhood he was recognized as one in whom to place an absolute trust. He took high rank as a scholar and maintained it through college, and on leaving the Law School he received a first prize. Was admitted to the Bar in 1856, began practice in 1857, and became partner of Horace Gray, Jr.; but when the war came "he gave up to his country, without a moment's hesitation, all that he had gained and all that he was." "He suffered not a day to pass, after the news from Sumter, before opening a subscription paper to guarantee the expenses which would be incurred in the enterprise." On the 15th of July, 1861, while in bivouac at Bunker Hill, he wrote: "I have always had a dream and theory about the virtues that were called out by war. The calling

needs a whole man and it exacts very much of him. Self gets thrown into the background." On August 3d in bivouac on Maryland Heights, Lieutenant-Colonel Dwight wrote: "If you could have seen the helplessness in which the flour ration left us and the stupidity of the men in its use you would hail as the dawn the busy frying of doughnuts which goes on here now." "Our triumphs just now are chiefly culinary, but 'A soldier's courage lies in his stomach,' says Frederick the Great, and I mean that the commissary captains and cooks shall accept the doctrine and apply its lessons if I can make them." At times his eagerness for action would express itself. "Do not spend your days in regretting this or that life,—lives whose whole sweetness and value depend upon their opportunities, not upon their length." As late as May 9, 1862, the service of the regiment was still to wait. Lieutenant-Colonel Dwight writes, "Of course this is a severe trial to me,—the severest, I think, of my life." Two weeks later his regiment saw its first action on the field on the occasion of General Banks's retreat in May, 1862, after the Battle of Winchester. General Gordon reported, "Major Dwight while gallantly bringing up the rear of the regiment was missed somewhere near the outskirts of the town," "this brave officer, so cool upon the

field, so efficient everywhere, so much beloved in his regiment, and whose gallant services of the 24th will never be forgotten by them."

While missing and mourned as dead, Major Dwight, while helping a wounded soldier, had been taken prisoner, and General Jackson gave his permission to eight of the Second Massachusetts prisoners to go out as escort for the burial of their companions.

On June 2d the Major was seen running on foot toward the regiment. The officers ran to meet him. More than one lifted him in his arms. The men ran from their tents toward the limits of the camp. They could not be restrained; they broke camp and poured down upon the Major with the wildest enthusiasm. A little later the regiment was drawn up around the Major, who was reading to them from a paper which he held in his hand. He gave them the names of those of their comrades who were prisoners in Winchester. He told them who were wounded, and the nature of their wounds. He told them of their dead, and of the burial upon which even the rebels of Winchester had looked with respect. Then he said: "And now, do you want to know what the rebels think of the Massachusetts Second? 'Who was it ambuscaded us near Bartonsville?' asked a cavalry officer of me. I replied, 'That

was the Massachusetts Second.' An officer of rebel infantry asked me who it was that was at the Run near Bartonsville. 'That was the Massachusetts Second,' said I. 'Whose,' asked another officer, 'was the battery so splendidly served, and the line of sharpshooters behind the stone wall, who picked off every officer of ours who showed himself?' 'That was the Massachusetts Second,' said I. On the whole, the rebels came to the conclusion that they had been fighting the Massachusetts Second, and they did not care to do it again in the dark."

The next day he wrote from Washington: "I am here to see about my exchange, etc. I am sorry you had so much anxiety about me, but thankful to be able to relieve it. My reception by the regiment is reward enough. I must get back to them."

Chaplain Quint said, "You will know how nobly he commanded his little band of skirmishers on Saturday night last; how his small force was formed against cavalry and infantry with entire success; how his clear, cool, deliberate words of command inspired the men so that no man faltered, while, in ten minutes, one company lost one-fourth of its number."

At the battle of Antietam, Colonel Dwight was mortally wounded. His only regret was that he could not longer serve the cause. "I have

lived a soldier, I die a soldier, I wish to be buried as a soldier." He called out, "Who asked for the Second Regiment? I tell you where the Second Regiment was yesterday,—in the foremost front of the battle, fighting like men; and we drove them, boys,—drove them." Colonel Andrews had sent him word of our battle. "It is a glorious time to die!" was his joyful exclamation.

ROBERT GOULD SHAW

Private Seventh New York Volunteer Militia, April 19, 1861. Second Lieutenant Second Massachusetts Volunteers (Infantry), May 28, 1861. First Lieutenant, July 8, 1861. Captain, August 10, 1862. Colonel Fifty-fourth M.V. Infantry, April 17, 1863. Killed at Fort Wagner, South Carolina, July 18, 1863.

Robert Gould Shaw was born in Boston, October 10, 1837. In 1851 the family went to Europe, and Robert passed a happy summer in Switzerland. In November, 1852, he wrote from Neuchâtel, full of interest in affairs in France. "Have you seen that book 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'?" August 7, 1853: "Have you heard anything about the new Slave Law in Illinois? I think it is much worse than the law of 1850. Have you read the Key to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'? I've been reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' again, and always like it better than before. I don't see how one man could do much against slavery." In 1855: "I read a long account of the new Abolition Society of New York and of a slave having been burnt alive in Alabama. I did not think this last would ever happen again."

ROBERT GOULD SHAW

Robert Shaw reached home in May and entered Harvard in August, 1856. In November, 1861, he cast his first and only vote, for Lincoln and enlisted as private in the Seventh New York National Guards, believing there might be trouble in the country after the inauguration and he would not be willing to remain in an office if the country needed soldiers. April 18, 1861, he wrote his father a farewell note and left in July, Lieutenant in the Massachusetts Second Regiment, for the seat of war.

Near Culpeper Court House at the Battle of Cedar Mountain, Shaw was serving as aide on General Gordon's staff. He writes, August 12, 1862, near Culpeper Court House: "I was with General Gordon, who sent me back to get some artillery through the woods. It was impossible to do it because the brush was so thick, and besides I hadn't been gone five minutes before the enemy got us under a cross fire and our brigade had to retreat. They advanced so close to the Second before they gave way that it was easy to distinguish all their features. There were 474 enlisted men taken into action in the Second. Of these 120 were killed and wounded and 37 missing. They were not under fire thirty minutes. 22 officers went in and 8 came out. Goodwin, Cary, Choate, and Stephen Perkins were all quite ill but would not

stay away from the fight." Early in 1863 Governor Andrew offered Shaw the colonelcy of a colored regiment to be raised in Massachusetts, being the first recruited under state authority, though one was already in service in South Carolina and another in Kansas. In answer to this his father brought back a letter to the Governor declining, as "not having ability for the undertaking," but on February 5th Robert telegraphed, "Please tell the Governor that I accept," and he wrote, "There is great prejudice against it—at any rate I shan't be frightened out of it by unpopularity." March 25: "The intelligence of the men is a great surprise to me." March 30: "The mustering officer who was here to-day is a Virginian, and he always thought it was a great joke to make soldiers of 'niggers' but he tells me now that he has never mustered in so fine a set of men, though about 20,000 have passed through his hands since September. The sceptics need only to come out here to be converted." Just after this, on May 28, 1863, Colonel Shaw led his regiment through Pemberton Square and off to the South. I can see him now,—Colonel Shaw,—riding with his hat off as he passed the balcony where Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam stood, to greet her and thus to express the thanks of the Fifty-fourth Regiment for the banner which

she had presented. This banner bore a gold cross upon a blue ground with the motto, "In hoc signo vinces" (By this sign you shall conquer).

From St. Helena's Island, July 6, Colonel Shaw wrote, "I want to get my men alongside of white troops and into a good fight if there is to be one."

James Island, July 15th: "Two hundred of my men on picket duty this morning were attacked by five regiments of infantry, some cavalry and a battery of artillery. The Tenth Connecticut was on their left and say they should have had a hard time if the Fifty-fourth men had not stood so well." "I have just come in from the front with my regiment where we were sent as soon as the rebels retired. This shows that the events of the morning did not destroy the General's confidence in us."

Morris Island, July 18: "We are in General Strong's brigade. We came up here last night in a very heavy rain. Fort Wagner is being heavily bombarded. We are not far from it. We hear nothing but praise for the Fifty-fourth on all hands." After writing the above (the last words he ever wrote in this world) he received orders to report with his regiment at General Strong's headquarters, and there he was offered the post of honor because of the

greatest danger, the advance in the work assigned for that very evening, the assault upon Fort Wagner. Here then came the opportunity he had waited for; he accepted it without hesitation. One who was at General Strong's headquarters writes (Beaufort, S.C., July 22): "The troops looked worn and weary; had been without tents during the pelting rains of the two previous nights. When they came within six hundred yards of Fort Wagner they formed in line of battle, the Colonel heading the first and the Major the second battalion. With the Sixth Connecticut and Ninth Maine and others they remained half an hour. Then the order for 'charge' was given. The regiment marched at quick, then at double-quick time. When about one hundred yards from the Fort the rebel musketry opened with such terrible fire that for an instant the first battalion hesitated; but only for an instant, for Colonel Shaw, springing to the front and waving his sword, shouted, 'Forward, Fifty-fourth!' and with another cheer and shout they rushed through the ditch and gained the parapet on the right. Colonel Shaw was one of the first to scale the walls. He stood erect to urge forward his men, and while shouting for them to press on was shot dead and fell into the fort," and "now sleeps there with the brave fellows who were

with him in his life." A Southern soldier has since said, "It looked [his face] as calm and fresh and natural as if he were sleeping." A stalwart negro man had fallen near him. The rebels said the man was a color-sergeant. The brigadier commanding the rebel forces said to me: "I knew Colonel Shaw before the war and then esteemed him. Had he been in command of white troops I should have given him an honorable burial. As it is, I shall bury him in the common trench with the negroes that fell with him."

HENRY STURGIS RUSSELL

Henry Sturgis Russell was born June 21, 1838. Graduated from Harvard College, 1860. In 1861 joined Fourth Battalion; May 28, 1861, was commissioned First Lieutenant in the Massachusetts Second Regiment of Volunteer Infantry; December 31st, Captain of his first company; January, 1863, Lieutenant-Colonel of Second Massachusetts Cavalry; Brigadier-General of Volunteers, 1865.

On July 21, 1865, Governor Andrew said of Captain Russell:—

"I know of no incident of more perfect, of more heroic gentility, bespeaking a noble nature, than the act performed by one captain of the Second Massachusetts . . . who, standing by the side of Lieutenant-Colonel Savage, . . . who was fatally wounded, and not believed by the enemy to be worth the saving, [Captain Russell] refused to surrender until he had wrung from the enemy the pledge that they would, in capturing him, save also his comrade and bear him back to the nearest hospital; declaring that, if they did not, he single-handed and alone would fight it out, and sell his life at the dearest cost."

HENRY STURGIS RUSSELL

Not many weeks later, kindly cared for, Colonel Savage died of his wounds. Captain Russell was committed to Libby Prison and remained there till November 15, 1862. In January, 1863, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Massachusetts Cavalry. On April 5, 1864, Captain Russell accepted the colonelcy of the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry, a negro regiment. Between Russell and his cousin, Robert G. Shaw, there had existed a close friendship. Shaw's death at Fort Wagner had lately occurred; and now Russell, taking the offered colonelcy, quietly said, "Bob would have liked to have me do it!"

It was at the head of this regiment, June 15, 1864, before Petersburg, that Colonel Russell received his first wound, and special commendation from General Grant which led a year later to his brevet as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, "for distinguished gallantry and good conduct, and by his extra capacity for the control of men."

This colored regiment entered Richmond among the first troops.

On May 6, 1864, Colonel Russell married Mary H. Forbes. February 14, 1865, he left the army and soon retired to his "Home Farm" in Milton, where he passed much of his life.

In 1878 Russell accepted from Mayor Pierce

the position of Chairman of the Board of Police Commissioners.

For two years he toiled hard, vigilant by night and laborious by day, and brought the force into fine shape. Then he resigned and enjoyed some long, pleasant years upon his farm until, January 14, 1895, he was appointed by Mayor Curtis to be Fire Commissioner of the City of Boston, and held the position for ten years. It was long and arduous work to bring it up to his ideal, but Major Russell left the Department undoubtedly the best organized and the most efficient fire department in the country. With his subalterns he was popular and even with the rank and file, for, though very rigid, and a strict disciplinarian, he was not a martinet. He made short work of disquieting agitations concerning hours and pay, yet his men, proud of being part of so fine an organization as he had created, did not audibly murmur. He was still in office when death came to him in Boston, February 16, 1905.

Major Henry Lee Higginson, writing of Russell, May 4, 1919, said: "In reply to your note, Harry Russell went to the war as First Lieutenant in the Second Volunteer Infantry in May, 1861. The Regiment had various experiences in Virginia during that summer of '61, the winter of '62, and so on, held the [.....] of

the army under Banks in his first foolish move and was driven back—was badly hurt at Cedar Mountain in the summer of '62, distinguished itself at Antietam. Harry stopped to look after James Savage at Cedar Mountain and was captured and sent to Richmond. By and by he came back and presently was made Lieutenant-Colonel in the Second Massachusetts Cavalry (after his engagement to Miss Mary Forbes) and then later was made Colonel of the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry (colored). This regiment entered Richmond among the first troops. About that time Harry left the service. He was in all respects and everywhere an excellent officer, greatly liked and admired by everybody; he was wounded, but just where I have forgotten. He was really a *great* favorite among his mates and deserved it. . . ."

JAMES JACKSON HIGGINSON

Born in the city of New York, June 19, 1836. Died in New York City, January 5, 1911. Second Lieutenant First Massachusetts Cavalry, January 6, 1863. First Lieutenant First Massachusetts Cavalry, January 4, 1864. Captain September 1, 1864. Brevet Major U.S. Volunteers, April 9, 1865. In the Army of the Potomac to the end of the war. He resigned May 27, 1865. (Original Companion of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion.)

James Jackson Higginson had been fitted in the Boston Latin School for his entrance to Harvard College from which he was graduated with honor in 1857. After studying law in Europe he returned to the United States in 1862; served for a few weeks as an agent for the Sanitary Commission in Washington; was commissioned Second Lieutenant in the Massachusetts Volunteer Cavalry and was rapidly promoted, attaining the rank of major in April, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services resulting in the fall of Richmond, and the surrender of the insurgent army under General R. E. Lee," and serving in the Army of the Potomac to the end of the war.

JAMES JACKSON HIGGINSON

James Higginson had taken part in the Battle of Aldie Creek in the Gettysburg Campaign, was made a prisoner and confined in Libby Prison, Richmond, for nine months until March, 1864, when released by exchange. He rejoined his regiment before Petersburg and shortly after was detached for special duty at the headquarters of General Meade, with whom he served through the subsequent movements and battles of the Army of the Potomac up to and including the surrender of General Lee in April, 1865.

In 1867 he came to New York City, where for twenty-five years he was a member of the stock-brokerage firm of Chase & Higginson. Mr. Chase had been his companion in Libby Prison with whom he had shared his blanket, when he had one.

On November 11, 1869, Mr. Higginson married Margaret Bethune, daughter of Archibald and Elizabeth Bethune Gracie.

James Higginson's service to his country did not end with the war. Like his brother Henry, everything that had to do with the welfare of his fellow-citizens was dear to his heart, and claimed his thought, time, and means.

"During his active business life and after his retirement from business he gave a large part of his time to public service. He was one of the early members of the Council of the Char-

JAMES JACKSON LOWELL

JAMES JACKSON LOWELL

Born October 15, 1837, in Cambridge, Mass. Died July 4, 1862, at Nelson's Farm near Richmond, Virginia.

James Jackson Lowell passed from the Boston Latin School to Harvard College in 1854, graduating in 1858 as first scholar in his class. While he would walk a dozen miles for wild flowers, skate all day and dance as long as the band would play, he found no study too dry. "He was full of life, enjoyed keenly, pursued eagerly and crowded every hour with work or pleasure." In 1860 Lowell entered the Law School. Meantime the war began. On July 10, 1861, J. J. Lowell and his cousin William Lowell Putnam received their commissions as first and second lieutenants in the Twentieth M.V.M., and after a few days at Washington the regiment was ordered to Poolesville, Maryland, where it lay in camp till October 20th. On October 21st was fought the Battle of Ball's Bluff. Lowell was shot in the thigh, Captain Schmitt badly wounded, and Putnam killed. Our only consolation was the gallant behavior of our troops in a desperate situation. Lowell re-

luctantly went home, and while recovering, some of his classmates presented him with a sword to replace the one lost in the confusion at Ball's Bluff. In February he rejoined his regiment. On March 11th the Twentieth left the camp at Poolesville and was transferred to the Peninsula, reached Yorktown April 8th and remained there until the 4th of May. Lowell wrote on the 25th regretting that he was not in the advance with his brother:—

"The severe fighting at Fair Oaks occurred on May 31st and the 1st of June, at Yorktown we were held as a reserve, at Fair Oaks we had a foretaste of what is coming before the forts of Richmond. On Saturday, on being ordered forward, we advanced through an interminable swamp and across the Chickahominy . . . and came up into the field of battle. . . . As we had been fairly on the run the companies were more or less broken and I supposed that some of my weaker and doubtful men had fallen out on the way. Much to my delight I found that every man was there, even in this place of comparative rest. Three A.M. always finds us in line of battle." Lowell remained near Fair Oaks until the 8th of June. "June 27: still in camp but a brisk cannonading is going on." On the 29th joined in the retreat across the Peninsula. Lowell led his company until the afternoon of

the 30th, when he received a mortal wound in the fight at Glendale. He desired that his father might be told that he was struck while dressing the line of his men. Two of our surgeons who had been left with the wounded at the farm were much impressed by his behavior, and one of them told the rebel officer to talk with him if he wished to know how a Northern soldier thought and felt. He lingered four days and died on July 4th. Lowell was among the earliest of the Harvard soldiers to fall by the hand of the enemy. While the soul of this noble young soldier was passing slowly away, his sister, a volunteer nurse, was at Harrison's Bar, only a few miles away, and tried every expedient to get to him. The serenity with which he received the summons of death came from neither bland enthusiasm nor from apathy. No one could be less indifferent to the grief it would cause at home. It was to the three nephews that Mr. James Russell Lowell referred in a poem to R. G. Shaw:—

"I write of one while with dim eyes I think of three,
Who weep not others fair and brave as he?
Ah! When the fight is won . . ."

The formal letter in which Lowell acknowledged the gift of the sword contains a passage which serves to illustrate the spirit with which

our soldiers went to the war: "When the Class meets in years to come, and honors its statesmen and judges, its divines and doctors, let also the score who went to fight for their country be remembered and let not those who never returned be forgotten,—those who died for the cause of civilization and law, and the self-restrained freedom which is their result."

A friend wrote his mother:—

"Don't you think that Jim's dying has accomplished as much as his life may have done? I never knew how much I relied upon Jim,—not so much for his friendship, which I think I prized above that of all others, but for his almost startling simplicity and correctness of judgment in all matters we talked about."

WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM

WILLIAM LOWELL PUTNAM

Born in Boston, Mass., July 9, 1840. Died October 22, 1861. July 21, 1861, Second Lieutenant in Twentieth Regiment, M.V.M. Fell mortally wounded at Ball's Bluff, October 21, 1861.

William Lowell Putnam was born in Boston, July 9, 1840. He was the youngest of our group of cousins who used to shout Scott's rousing verses as we played Highlanders and Lowlanders among the wooded rocks behind the house on School Street, Roxbury.

William sometimes said, as he grew older, that there was no circumstance in his life that he would wish changed. There was, however, one real drawback to the happiness of that home,—one stain upon the glory of the United States of America, to whose interests all were devoted: I cannot remember the time when *slavery* was not mentioned with indignation by that patriotic family and the guests who gathered round their hospitable board. Among these were Mrs. Putnam's brother, James Russell Lowell; James Freeman Clarke; and many relatives of Colonel Robert G. Shaw.

In 1851 my uncle and his family went to Europe, but they never forgot the important concerns of their native land. When William was in Nantes, in the west of France, he used to escort a newly arrived colored boy to their day school. Dr. Guépin, in whose family in Nantes William spent several months, afterward described him in 1857 as a tall, handsome youth, modest and reserved in society, and firm and courageous in the practice of his duties. His dream was then to serve the interests of his country and become a historian.

In 1858, after an absence of seven years, during which there were counted among his acquaintances the man of science, the collegian, the young officer, the workman, the common soldier, and the peasant, he returned with the family to the United States, with no regretful longing for what he had left in Europe. His love of country was as warm as if he had never been absent from it. He visited Lexington and Concord and found these and the streets of his native place as much classic ground as those of Rome. His young cousins, then in college, hailed him as a comrade; the hand of the mechanic met in his a clasp as honest and as strong as his own. He had fair hair and hazel eyes, with bright color in his cheeks; he was full of fun. His mother wrote of him, "His parents

often pleased themselves with the thought that their vigorous and happy boy offered the type of Young America."

Then came the election of Lincoln, and the war. The recruits tramped through the street singing "John Brown's Body." I remember my cousin Willie saying to me soon after Sumter had been fired upon: "People say this war will not last more than six months! It will go on for nearer six years; but when it is over slavery will have been abolished." His mother wrote, "The attainment of his majority was marked by his entrance into the service of his country."

On July 21, 1861, William received from Governor Andrew his commission as Second Lieutenant in the Twentieth Regiment, M.V.M., at the same time with his cousin James Jackson Lowell. Colonel William Raymond Lee had already said of him, "He will make a fine officer; there is character in all he does."

On the 4th of September, Lowell Putnam left Camp Massasoit, with his regiment, for the South. As the southward-bound train pulled out from the station William stood on the platform waving us good-bye. In less than seven weeks from that time his earthly career was closed.

One of his men told William's mother that at the Battle of Ball's Bluff "Lieutenant Putnam was standing among all the bullets falling, with his arms folded, shouting to his men just as calm as ever."

One of his brother officers wrote, "The men were so accustomed to obeying him that I could hardly persuade them to help after he had told them to leave him and help some one else because he was mortally wounded; and Henry Howard Sturgis carried him on his back to the boat and to the island." William's mother, in a short memoir written soon after his death, wrote words which will find an echo in many another mother's heart: "And yet how many and what hopes passed with that passing breath; those that his young breast had cherished, silent and resolute; those which admiring comrades had set in him, generous and cheerful; those that hearts already bereaved had treasured for him, trembling and prayerful.

"If we may ask his country to hold him in her memory . . . it must be not only because he laid down for her an almost untasted existence, but because he gave up with it projects of great and noble accomplishment."

Pierson took his sword, hoping to return it to Mrs. Putnam, but the cavalry party who captured them demanded and retained it. It was

in front of Petersburg that "that loyal sword came again into loyal keeping," the trophy of a Union volunteer who had supposed it to be a rebel sword. In May, 1890, it was brought safely home to William's mother.

CABOT JACKSON RUSSEL

Sergeant Forty-fourth M.V. Infantry, September 12, 1862. First Lieutenant Fifty-fourth M.V., March 23, 1863. Captain, May 11, 1863. Killed at Fort Wagner, South Carolina, July 18, 1863.

Cabot Jackson Russel was born in New York, July 21, 1844. During his childish years his passion was for playing knight-errant and wounded soldier. Over the boy's bed hung the portrait of John Brown of Osawatomie. Cabot Russel entered Harvard College in 1861, but was suspended for inattention to his studies, which he later greatly regretted. In June, 1862, on a journey to the West, after the war had begun, he wrote his father: "I don't know about Jim or Charley [Lowell]. If anything has happened to either one of them I shall want to enlist." And when he heard of Lieutenant James Lowell's death he wrote, "Now I shall certainly go," and turned back to his home in New York. His age was just eighteen. He was appointed to a vacant sergeantship in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, which was then recruiting under Colonel F. L. Lee. His com-

CABOT JACKSON RUSSEL

manding officers highly commended his pluck, endurance, and fidelity to duty. November 1 he wrote, "I hope I and the regiment will behave well in to-morrow's fight."

On March 4, 1863, Cabot Russel appeared in Boston to accept a second lieutenancy under Colonel Robert G. Shaw in the Fifty-fourth (colored) Regiment. He was soon given the command of Company H and became noted for careful drill and discipline. July 17, off Morris Island, he described an engagement in which they had to retreat and suffered heavy loss. "My men did nobly." Adjutant James wrote, "Capt. Russel took part in the sharp skirmish on James Island (July 16), where his company bore the brunt of the battle and he showed distinguished ability and courage." On the night of the 17th, orders were received to join General Strong's Brigade. On the 18th the Fifty-fourth Regiment reported for duty to Brigadier-General Strong, and was placed by him at the head of an assaulting column then forming on the beach in front of Fort Wagner, which was the objective point of attack. Company H held the left of the second line of the regiment, which position was the most dangerous, on account of its proximity to the flanking fire of James Island. At dusk the column was ordered forward, and Russel, with an ardor and

devotion that never wavered, threw himself upon his death. When last seen by those who survived, he was lying mortally wounded on the ground, and across him the body of his dear friend Captain William H. Simpkins, his comrade-in-arms and in death.

Adjutant James wrote of him, "From temperament and principle he was an enthusiast for freedom. . . . His sympathies grew with the enforcement of the negroes' rights. He would gladly have devoted his life, if it had been protracted, to this cause. As it was, he gave it up in its very flower with a zeal, a courage, a disinterestedness unsurpassed even in the annals of the war. To his soldiers he said, 'Do not touch me; move on, men! follow your colors.'"

SAMUEL STORROW

SAMUEL STORROW

Corporal Forty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, September 20, 1862–June 18, 1863. First Lieutenant Second Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, September 22, 1864. Killed at Averysborough (Black Creek), North Carolina, March 16, 1865.

Samuel Storrow was born in Boston, Massachusetts, July 24, 1843. From his earliest years he showed great quickness of apprehension and readiness to apply practically whatever he acquired. As he grew older he displayed much manliness of character and a perfect independence of judgment. He entered college in 1860, at the age of seventeen. When the war broke out the next spring he felt a strong desire to join the army, and began to study military works to fit himself for whatever might be required of him. In the spring of 1862, on account of his eyes, he obtained leave of absence and sailed for Fayal, the Azores. On his return he found that his father was absent in Europe; that his brother Charles had just entered the army with a commission of captain in the Forty-fourth Massachusetts,

then being filled up for immediate service. Before Sam could hear from his father, his mother, with unflinching loyalty, assumed the responsibility for his enlistment, and he was mustered in as Corporal in Company H, September 20, 1862. On October 12th he wrote his father: "It seems to me the part of a coward to stay at home and allow others to fight my battles and incur dangers for me. Assure mother fully of your approval of the course she has taken. Everybody thinks she has acted nobly."

The Forty-fourth was immediately ordered to North Carolina, and remained there during its whole term of service. In December, 1862, at the moment of the advance on Kingston, Storrow wrote, "As I saw the glorious Stars and Stripes of the Tenth Connecticut way ahead, dancing in the sunlight, I felt that it would be glorious to die under that flag; how easy it would be to uphold it with one's life."

In June, 1863, the Forty-fourth was mustered out, and Storrow returned to college, graduating with his class, and applied for a commission in the Second Massachusetts, and on September 22, 1864, upon nomination of General Cogswell and the strong recommendation of Colonel Francis L. Lee of the Forty-fourth, he received his commission as First Lieutenant in the Sec-

ond Massachusetts and set off for Atlanta, Georgia, where his regiment was then stationed.

The Second Massachusetts Regiment formed part of the Twentieth Army Corps in the left wing of Sherman's army which left about the middle of November for its "march to the sea." Lieutenant Storrow, in his captain's absence, commanded his company through the whole campaign, until after the fall of Savannah. Storrow wrote an exceedingly graphic description of the way Sherman's army reduced the destruction of railways almost to a branch of scientific engineering.

March 12, 1865, when two miles from Fayetteville, North Carolina, Storrow wrote home: "First of all, everybody I know of is well and hearty, and best and heartiest of all am I." "This campaign has been in every respect harder than the last." "The four corps of our army are concentrated here, all on the same day, without jostling or delay."

At Savannah, Lieutenant Storrow was detailed for staff duty on application of the regimental commander who had just been brevetted as Brigadier-General. The order was dated January 16, 1865, and Storrow acted as aide to General Cogswell during the march across North Carolina and until his career ended.

In a letter dated March 24, 1865, to Hon.

Charles S. Storrow, General Cogswell informed him of the death of his son, mentioning him as "personal aide to myself." The letter goes on to say: "Mr. Storrow died of wounds received in action March 16, 1865, about twenty miles from Fayetteville, North Carolina, while carrying an order to the left of the brigade. . . . He died in about fifteen or twenty minutes afterwards. . . . He was not insensible when first wounded, and he had the coolness and self-possession to send word to me that he was wounded, that he had carried out my instructions, and also sent me the information I had wished for. He was a brave, faithful, and most promising young officer. . . . He joined my regiment in October. I was pleased with him at once and can say that in all my experience I never saw a new and young officer take hold of his work so well. In my own mind I selected him at once for the place I afterwards asked him to accept. He became eminently popular in this brigade; and not until after I had lost him did I fully realize of how much actual service he was to myself and my command.

"WILLIAM COGSWELL

"*Brevet Brigadier-General U.S. Volunteers.*"

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Morse, (Acting) Colonel of the Massachusetts Second Regiment,

said of Lieutenant Storrow, "I watched him ride across the field with his earnest eager look when he was carrying that last message for the General, just before he was wounded; he was a fine spirited young fellow, and his loss was greatly felt by those who had been associated with him during his short term of service."

SUMNER PAINE

Second Lieutenant Twentieth M.V. Infantry, May, 1863. Killed at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 3, 1863, after only two months in the service of his country.

Sumner Paine was born May 10, 1845. At eleven years of age he went with his two brothers through most of the passes of Central Switzerland, climbing the highest mountains without the least fatigue. He returned home in 1858, and graduated with his class from the Latin School, entering Harvard College in July, 1861.

Sumner entered the army in May, 1863, as Second Lieutenant, Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. When just eighteen he reached the railway at Fredericksburg. The Battle of Chancellorsville took place the next day. His cousin, Captain O. W. Holmes, was very soon wounded, and on Friday, July 3, Sumner took the command of his company, which he held through that terrible day. Then came the forced marches to Gettysburg. Wednesday and Thursday had left the fortunes of war trembling in the balance. Friday, the

SUMNER PAINE

Second Corps under Hancock held the left centre, the key to our position. Here General Lee ordered Pickett's Division, veteran troops, to make their last terrible assault. Not a shot was fired by the Twentieth until the enemy was near and Lieutenant Macy gave the order. Then began the fire, quick and deadly. Ten or twenty rods to our right the weight of the enemy crushed through our line, passing it up a little hill. This was the crisis of the day, if not the turning-point of the war. Generals Hancock and Gibbons had both been wounded. Macy received orders to lead the Twentieth against the enemy, gave orders to Abbott and to his Adjutant, but before they were repeated to any one else both were shot down. Other troops came up. It was in the thickest of the fight, in front of his men, that Lieutenant Paine was struck by a ball which broke his leg. Falling on his knee he waved his sword and urged on his men, and was at that moment struck by a shell which caused his instant death. His last words were, "Isn't this glorious?"

His body was found close to a fence where the rebels made their last desperate stand.

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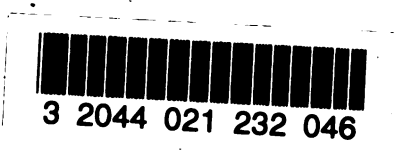
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